

The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF
METROPOLITAN LIFE

BY CHARLES KLEIN
AND
ARTHUR HORNBLOW
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER XIX.

The Jeffries case suddenly entered into an entirely new phase, and once more was deemed of sufficient public interest to warrant column after column of spicy comment in the newspapers. The town awoke one morning to learn that the long-sought-for witness, the mysterious woman on whose testimony everything hinged, had not only been found, but proved to be the prisoner's own wife, who had been so active in his defense. This announcement was stupefying enough to overshadow all other news of the day, and satisfied the most jaded palate for sensationalism.

The first question asked on all sides was: Why had not the wife come forward before? The reason, as glibly explained by an evening journal of somewhat yellow proclivities, was logical enough. The telling of her mid-night visit to a single man's rooms involved a shameful admission which any woman might well hesitate to make unless forced to it as a last extremity. Confronted, however, with the alternative of either seeing her husband suffer for a crime of which he was innocent or making public acknowledgment of her own frailty, she had chosen the latter course. Naturally, it meant divorce from the banker's son, and undoubtedly this was the solution most wished for by the family. The whole unsavory affair conveyed a good lesson to reckless young men of wealth to avoid entangling themselves in undesirable matrimonial adventures. But it was no less certain, went on this journalistic mentor, that this wife, unfaithful as she had proved herself to be, had really rendered her husband a signal service in her present scrape. The letter she had produced, written to her by Underwood the day before his death, in which he stated his determination to kill himself, was, of course, a complete vindication for the man awaiting trial. His liberation now depended only on how quickly the ponderous machinery of the law could take cognizance of this new and most important evidence.

The new turn of affairs was naturally most distasteful to the police. If there was one thing more than another which angered Capt. Clinton it was to take the trouble to build up a case only to have it suddenly demolished. He scoffed at the "suicide letter," safely committed to Judge Brewster's custody, and openly branded it as a forgery concocted by an immoral woman for the purpose of defeating the ends of justice. He kept Annie a prisoner and defied the counsel for the defense to do their worst. Judge Brewster, who loved the fray, accepted the challenge. He acted promptly. He secured Annie's release on habeas corpus proceedings and, his civil suit against the city having already begun in the courts, he suddenly called Capt. Clinton to the stand and gave him a grilling which more than atoned for any which the police tyrant had previously made his victims suffer. In the limelight of a sensational trial, in which public servants were charged with abusing positions of trust, he showed Capt. Clinton up as a bully and a grafter, a bribe-taker, working hand and glove with dishonest politicians, not hesitating even to divide loot with thieves and dive-keepers in his greed for wealth. He proved him to be a consummate liar, a man who would stop at nothing to gain his own ends. What jury would take the word of such a man as this? Yet this was the man who still insisted that Howard Jeffries was guilty of the shooting of Robert Underwood!

But public opinion was too intelligent to be hoodwinked for any length of time by a brutal and ignorant policeman. There was a clamor for the prisoner's release. The evidence was such that further delay was inexcusable. The district attorney, thus urged, took an active interest in the case, and after going over the new evidence with Judge Brewster, went before the court and made formal application for the dismissal of the complaint. A few days later Howard Jeffries left the Tombs amid the cheers of a crowd assembled outside. At his side walked his wife, now smiling through tears of joy.

It was a glad home-coming to the little flat in Harlem. To Howard, after spending so long a time in the narrow prison quarters, it seemed like paradise, and Annie walked on air, so delighted was she to have him with her again. Yet there were still anxieties to cloud their happiness. The close confinement, with its attendant worry, had seriously undermined Howard's health. He was pale and attenuated, and so weak that he had several fainting spells. Much alarmed, Annie summoned Dr. Bernstein, who administered a tonic. There was nothing to cause anxiety, he said, reassuringly. It was a natural reaction after what her husband had undergone. But it was worry as much as anything else. Howard worried about his father, with whom he was only partially reconciled; he worried about his future, which was as precarious as ever, and most of all he worried about his wife. He was not ignorant of the circumstances which

had brought about his release, and while liberty was sweet to him, it had been a terrible shock when he first heard that she was the woman who had visited Underwood's rooms. He refused to believe her sworn evidence. How was it possible? Why should she go to Underwood's rooms knowing he was there? It was preposterous. Still the small voice rang in his ears—perhaps she's untrue! It haunted him till one day he asked point-blank for an explanation. Then she told that she had perjured herself. She was not the woman. Who she really was she could not say. He must be satisfied for the present with the assurance that it was not his wife. With that he was content. What did he care for the opinion of others? He knew—that was enough! In their conversation on the subject Annie did not even mention Alicia's name. Why should she?

Weeks passed, and Howard's health did not improve. He had tried to find a position, but without success, yet every day brought its obligations which had to be met. One morning Annie was bustling about their tiny dining room preparing the table for their frugal luncheon. She had just placed the rolls and butter on the table, and arranged the chairs, when there came a ring at the front doorbell. Early visitors were not so in-



Placed the Rolls and Butter on the Table.

frequent as to cause surprise, so, without waiting to remove her apron, she went to the door and opened it. Dr. Bernstein entered.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jeffries," he said, cheerily. Putting down his medical bag, he asked: "How is our patient this morning?"

"All right, doctor. He had a splendid night's rest. I'll call him." "Never mind, I want to talk to you." Seriously, he went on: "Mrs. Jeffries, your husband needs a change of scene. He's worrying. That fainting spell the other day was only a symptom. I'm afraid he'll break down unless—"

"Unless what?" she demanded, anxiously.

He hesitated for a moment, as if unwilling to give utterance to words he knew must inflict pain. Then he quickly continued:

"Your husband is under a great mental strain. His inability to support you, his banishment from his proper sphere in the social world is mental torture to him. He feels his position keenly. There is nothing else to occupy his mind but thoughts of his utter and complete failure in life. I was talking to his father last night, and—"

"And what?" she demanded, drawing herself up. She suspected what was coming, and nerved herself to meet it.

"Now, don't regard me as an enemy," said the doctor in a conciliatory tone. "Mr. Jeffries inquired after his son. Believe me, he's very anxious. He knows he did the boy a great injustice, and he wants to make up for it."

"Oh, he does?" she exclaimed, sarcastically.

Dr. Bernstein hesitated for a moment before replying. Then he said, lightly: "Suppose Howard goes abroad for a few months with his father and mother?"

"Is that the proposition?" she demanded.

The doctor nodded.

"I believe Mr. Jeffries has already spoken about it to his son," he said.

Annie choked back a sob and, crossing the room to conceal her emotion, stood with her back turned, looking out of the window. Her voice was trembling as she said:

"He wants to separate us, I know. He'd give half his fortune to do it. He's not altogether wrong. Things do look pretty black for me, don't they? Everybody believes that my going to see Underwood that night had something to do with his suicide and led to my husband being falsely accused. The police built up a fine romance about Mr. Underwood and me—and the newspapers! Every other day a reporter comes and asks us when the divorce is going to take place—and who is going to institute the proceedings, Howard or me. If everybody would only mind their own business and let us alone he might

forget. Oh, I don't know, doctor. You're my friend. You made short work of Capt. Clinton and his 'confession.' I mean people—outsiders—strangers—who don't know us, and don't care whether we're alive or dead; those are the people I mean. They buy a one-cent paper and they think it gives them the right to pry into every detail of our lives." She paused for a moment, and then went on: "So you think Howard is worrying? I think, so, too. At first I thought it was because of the letter Mr. Underwood wrote me, but I guess it's what you say. His old friends won't have anything to do with him—and he's lonely. Well, I'll talk it over with him."

"Yes—talk it over with him." "Did you promise his father you'd ask me?" she demanded.

"No—not exactly," he replied, hesitatingly.

Annie looked at him frankly.

"Howard's a pretty good fellow to stand by me in the face of all that's being said about my character, isn't he, doctor? And I'm not going to stand in his light, even if it doesn't exactly make me the happiest woman in the world, but don't let it trickle into your mind that I'm doing it for his father's sake."

At that moment Howard entered from the inner room. He was surprised to see Dr. Bernstein.

"How do you feel to-day?" asked the doctor.

"First rate! Oh, I'm all right. You see, I'm just going to eat a bite. Won't you join us?"

He sat down at the table and picked up the newspaper, while Annie busied herself with carrying in the dishes.

"No, thank you," laughed the doctor. "It's too early for me. I've only just had breakfast. I dropped in to see how you were." Taking up his bag, he said: "Good-by! Don't get up. I can let myself out."

But Annie had already opened the door for him, and smiled a farewell. When she returned to her seat at the head of the table, and began to pour out the coffee, Howard said:

"He's a pretty decent fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes," she replied, absent-mindedly, as she passed a cup of coffee.

"He made a monkey of Capt. Clinton all right," went on Howard. "What did he come for?"

"To see you—of course," she replied.

"Oh, I'm all right now," he replied. Looking anxiously at his wife across the table, he said: "You're the one that needs tuning up. I heard you crying last night. You thought I was asleep, but I wasn't. I didn't say anything because—well—I felt kind of blue myself."

Annie sighed and leaned her head on her hand. Wearily she said:

"I was thinking over all that we've been through together, and what they're saying about us—"

Howard threw down his newspaper impatiently.

"Let them say what they like. Why should we care as long as we're happy?"

His wife smiled sadly.

"Are we happy?" she asked, gently.

"Of course we are," replied Howard.

She looked up and smiled. It was good to hear him say so, but did he mean it? Was she doing right to stand in the way of his career? Would he not be happier if she left him? He was too loyal to suggest it, but perhaps in his heart he desired it. Looking at him tenderly, she went on:

"I don't question your affection for me, Howard. I believe you love me, but I'm afraid that, sooner or later, you'll ask yourself the question all your friends are asking now, the question everybody seems to be asking."

"What question?" demanded Howard.

"Yesterday the bell rang and a gentleman said he wanted to see you. I told him you were out, and he said I'd do just as well. He handed me a card. On it was the name of the newspaper he represented."

"Well?"

"He asked me if it were true that proceedings for a divorce were about to be instituted. If so, when? And could I give him any information on the subject? I asked him who wanted the information and he said the readers of his paper—the people—I believe he said over a million of them. Just think, Howard! Over a million people, not counting your father, your friends and relations, all waiting to know why you don't get rid of me, why you don't believe me to be as bad as they think I am—"

Howard raised his hand for her to desist.

"Annie—please!" he pleaded.

"That's the fact, isn't it?" she laughed.

"No."

His wife's head dropped on the table. She was crying now.

"I've made a hard fight, Howard," she sobbed, "but I'm going to give up. I'm through—I'm through!"

Howard took hold of her hand and carried it to his lips.

"Annie, old girl," he said, with some feeling, "I may be weak, I may be blind, but nobody on top of God's green earth can tell me that you're not the squarest, straightest little woman that ever lived! I don't care a damn what one million or eight million think. Supposing you had received letters from Underwood, supposing you had gone to his rooms to beg him not to kill himself—what of it? It would be for a good motive, wouldn't it? Let them talk all the bad of you they want. I don't believe a word of it—you know I don't."

She looked up and smiled through her tears.

"You're so good, dear," she exclaimed. "Yes, I know you believe in me." She stopped and continued, sad-

ly: "But you're only a boy, you know. What of the future, the years to come?" Howard's face became serious, and she went on: "You see you've thought about it, too, and you're trying to hide it from me. But you can't. Your father wants you to go abroad with the family."

"Well?"

He waited and looked at her curiously as if wondering what her answer would be. He waited some time, and then slowly she said:

"I think—you had better go!"

"You don't mean that!" he exclaimed, in genuine surprise.

She shook her head affirmatively.

"Yes, I do," she said; "your father wants you to take your position in the world, the position you are entitled to, the position your association with me prevents you from taking."

Howard drummed his fingers on the tablecloth and looked out of the window. It seemed to her that his voice no longer had the same candid ring as he replied:

"Yes, father has spoken to me about it. He wants to be friends, and I—"

He paused awkwardly, and then added: "I admit I've—I've promised to consider it, but—"

Annie finished his sentence for him: "You're going to accept his offer, Howard. You owe it to yourself, to your family, and to—"

She laughed as she added: "I was going to say to millions of anxious readers."

Howard looked at her curiously. He did not know if she was jesting or in earnest. Almost impatiently he exclaimed:

"Why do you talk in this way against your own interests? You know I'd like to be friendly with my family, and all that. But it wouldn't be fair to you."

"I'm not talking against myself, Howard. I want you to be happy, and you're not happy. You can't be happy under these conditions. Now be honest with me—can you?"

"Can you?" he demanded.

"No," she answered, frankly, "not unless you are." Slowly she went on: "Whatever happiness I've had in life I owe to you, and God knows you've had nothing but trouble from me. I did wrong to marry you, and I'm willing to pay the penalty. I've evened matters up with your family; now let me try and square up with you."

"Evened up matters with my family?" he exclaimed in surprise. "What do you mean?"

With a smile she replied ambiguously:

"Oh, that's a little private matter of my own." He stared at her, unable to comprehend, and she went on, gravely: "Howard, you must do what's best for yourself. I'll pack your things. You can go when you please."

He stared gloomily out of the window without replying. After all, he thought to himself, it was perhaps for the best. Shackled as he was now, he would never be able to accomplish anything. If they separated, his father would take him into his business. Life would begin for him all over again. It would be better for her, too. Of course, he would never forget her. He would provide for her comfort. His father would help him arrange for that. Lighting a cigarette, he said, carelessly:

"Well—perhaps you're right. Maybe a little trip through Europe won't do me any harm."

"Of course not," she said, simply.

Busy with an obstinate match, he did not hear the sigh that accompanied her words or see the look of agony that crossed her face.

"But what are you going to do?" he inquired, after a silence.

With an effort, she controlled her voice. Not for all the world would she betray the fact that her heart was breaking. With affected indifference, she replied:

"Oh, I shall be all right. I shall go and live somewhere in the country for a few months. I'm tired of the city."

"So am I," he rejoined, with a gesture of disgust. "But I hate like the devil to leave you alone."

"That's nothing," she said, hastily. "A trip abroad is just what you need."

Looking up at him, she added: "Your face has brightened up already!"

He stared at her, unable to understand.

"I wish you could go with me."

She smiled.

"Your father's society doesn't make quite such an appeal to me as it does to you." Carelessly, she added: "Where are you going—Paris or London?"

He sent a thick cloud of smoke curling to the ceiling. A European trip was something he had long looked forward to.

"London—Vienna—Paris," he replied, gayly. With a laugh, he went on: "No, I think I'll cut out Paris. I'm a married man. I mustn't forget that!"

Annie looked up at him quickly.

"You've forgotten it already," she said, quietly. There was reproach in her voice as she continued: "Ah, Howard, you're such a boy! A little pleasure trip and the past is forgotten!"

A look of perplexity came over his face. Being only a man, he did not grasp quickly the finer shades of her meaning. With some irritation, he demanded:

"Didn't you say you wanted me to go and forget?"

She nodded.

"Yes, I do, Howard. You've made me happy. I want you to be happy."

He looked puzzled.

"You say you love me?" he said, "and yet you're happy because I'm going away. I don't follow that line of reasoning."

"It isn't reason," she said with a smile, "it's what I feel. I guess a man

wants to have what he loves and a woman is satisfied to love just what he wants. Anyway, I'm glad. I'm glad you're going. Go and tell your father."

Taking his hat, he said:

"I'll telephone him."

"Yes, that's right," she replied.

"Where's my cane?" he asked, looking round the room.

She found it for him, and as he opened the door, she said:

"Don't be long, will you?"

He laughed.

"I'll come right back. By George!" he exclaimed, "I feel quite excited at the prospect of this trip!" Regarding her fondly, he went on: "It's awfully good of you, old girl, to let me go. I don't think there are many women like you."

Annie averted her head.

"Now, don't spoil me," she said, lifting the tray as if to go into the kitchen.

"Wait till I kiss you good-by," he said, effusively.

Taking the tray from her, he placed it on the table, and folding her in his arms, he pressed his lips to hers.

"Good-by," he murmured; "I won't be long."

As soon as he disappeared she gave way completely, and sinking into a chair, leaned her head on the table and sobbed as if her heart would break. This, then, was the end! He would go away and soon forget her. She would never see him again! But what was the use of crying? It was the way of the world. She couldn't blame him. He loved her—she was sure of that. But the call of his family and friends was too strong to resist. Alternately laughing and crying hysterically, she picked up the tray, and carrying it into the kitchen, began washing the dishes. Suddenly there was a ring at the bell. Hastily putting on a clean apron, she opened the door. Judge Brewster stood smiling on the threshold. Annie uttered a cry of pleasure. Greeting the old lawyer affectionately, she invited him in. As he entered, he looked questioningly at her red eyes, but made no remark.

"I'm delighted to see you, Judge," she stammered.

As he took a seat in the little parlor, he said:

"Your husband passed me on the stairs and didn't know me."

"The passage is so dark!" she explained, apologetically.

He looked at her for a moment without speaking, and for a moment there was awkward pause. Then he said:

"When does Howard leave you?"

Annie stared in surprise.

"How do you know that?" she exclaimed.

"We lawyers know everything," he smiled. Gravely he went on: "His father's attorneys have asked me for all the evidence I have. They want to use it against you. The idea is that he shall go abroad with his father, and that the proceedings will be begun during his absence."

"Howard knows nothing about it," said Annie, confidently.

"Are you sure?" demanded the lawyer, skeptically.

"Quite sure," she answered, positively.

"But he is going away?" persisted the judge.

"Yes, I want him to go—I am sending him away," she replied.

The lawyer was silent. He sat and looked at her as if trying to read her thoughts. Then quietly he said:

"Do you know they intend to make an application for divorce, and to use your own perjured testimony as a weapon against you? You see what a lie leads to. There's no end to it, and you are compelled to go on lying to support the original lie, and that's precisely what I won't permit."

Annie nodded acquiescence.

"I knew you were going to scold me," she smiled.

"Scold you?" he said, kindly. "No—it's myself I'm scolding. You did what you thought was right, and I allowed you to do what I knew was wrong."

"You made two miserable women happy," she said, quietly.

The lawyer tried to suppress a smile.

"I try to excuse myself on that ground," he said, "but it won't work. I violated my oath as a lawyer, my integrity as a man, my honor, my self-respect, all upset, all gone. I've been a very unpleasant companion for myself lately." Rising impatiently, he strode up and down the room. Then turning on her, he said, angrily: "But I'll have no more lies. That's what brings me here this morning. The first move they make against you and I'll tell the whole truth!"

Annie gazed pensively out of the window without making reply.

"Did you hear?" he said, raising his voice. "I shall let the world know that you sacrificed yourself for that woman."

She turned and shook her head.

"No, Judge," she said, "I do not wish it. If they do succeed in influencing Howard to bring suit against me I shall not defend it."

Judge Brewster was not a patient man, and if there was anything that angered him it was rank injustice. He had no patience with this young woman who allowed herself to be trampled on in this outrageous way. Yet he could not be angry with her. She had qualities which compelled his admiration and respect, and not the least of these was her willingness to shield others at her own expense.

"Perhaps not," he retorted, "but I will. It's unjust, it's unrighteous, it's impossible!"

"But you don't understand," she said, gently; "I am to blame."

"You're too ready to blame yourself," he said, testily.

Annie went up to him and laid her hand affectionately on his shoulder. With tears in her eyes, she said:

"Let me tell you something, Judge. His father was right when he said I took advantage of him. I did. I saw that he was sentimental and self-willed, and all that. I started out to attract him. I was tired of the life I was living, the hard work, the loneliness, and all the rest of it, and I made up my mind to catch him if I could. I didn't think it was wrong then, but I do now. Besides," she went on, "I'm older than he is—five years older. He thinks I'm three years younger, and that he's protecting me from the world. I took advantage of his ignorance of life."

Judge Brewster shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"If boys of 25 are not men they never will be." Looking down at her kindly, he went on: "Pon my word! If I was 25, I'd let this divorce go through and marry you myself."

"Oh, Judge!"

That was all she could say, but there was gratitude in the girl's eyes. These were the first kind words any one had yet spoken to her. It was nice to know that some one saw some good in her. She was trying to think of something to say, when suddenly there was the click of a key being inserted in a Yale lock. The front door opened, and Howard appeared.

"Well, Judge!" he exclaimed, "this is a surprise!"

The lawyer looked at him gravely.

"How do you do, young man?" he said. Quizzically he added: "You look very pleased with yourself!"

"This is the first opportunity I've had to thank you for your kindness," said Howard, cordially.

"You can thank your wife, my boy, not me!" Changing the topic, he said: "So you're going abroad, eh?"

"Yes, did Annie tell you? It's only for a few months."

The lawyer frowned. Tapping the floor impatiently with his cane, he said:

"Why are you going away?"

Taken aback at the question, Howard stammered:

"Because—because—"

"Because I want him to go," interrupted Annie quickly.

The lawyer shook his head, and looking steadily at Howard, he said sternly:

"I'll tell you, Howard, my boy. You're going to escape from the scandal-mongers and the gossiping busy-bodies. Forgive me for speaking plainly, but you're going away because your wife's conduct is a topic of conversation among your friends—"

Howard interrupted him.

"You're mistaken, Judge; I don't care a hang what people say—"

"Then why do you leave her here to fight the battle alone?" demanded the judge, angrily.

Annie advanced, and raised her hand deprecatingly. Howard looked at her as if now for the first time he realized the truth.

"To fight the battle alone?" he echoed.

"Yes," said the judge, "you are giving the world a weapon with which to strike at your wife!"

Howard was silent. The lawyer's words had struck home. Slowly he said:

"I never thought of that. You're right! I wanted to get away from it all. Father offered me the chance and Annie told me to go—"

Annie turned to the judge.

"Please, Judge," she said, "don't say any more." Addressing her husband, she went on: "He didn't mean what he said, Howard."

Howard hung his head.

"He's quite right, Annie," he said, shamefacedly. "I never should have consented to go; I was wrong."

Judge Brewster advanced and patted him kindly on the back.

"Good boy!" he said. "Now, Mrs. Jeffries, I'll tell your husband the truth."

"No!" she cried.

"Then I'll tell him without your permission," he retorted. Turning to the young man, he went on: "Howard, your wife is an angel! She's too good a woman for this world. She has not

SAVE NOT-- HAVE NOT

Deposit just a few dollars each week in our savings department. Do this systematically and in just a short time you will have a good substantial bank account.

Undoubtedly you intend to save "sometime." Why not start an account with us now? We pay 3 per cent. interest on your money.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES \$3.00 per year.

**CITIZENS
NATIONAL BANK**

Low one way COLONIST FARES

TO
WESTERN CANADA,
NORTH PACIFIC,
ARIZONA,
CALIFORNIA,
NEW MEXICO,
EL PASO, TEX.

TICKETS ON SALE

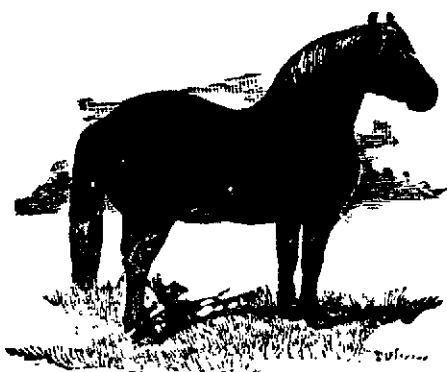
DAILY

March 15th to April 15th
1913

ASK THE
"SOO" LINE AGENT

or write
W. R. CALLAWAY, General Passenger Agent,
Minneapolis, Minn.

ANOTHER CAR LOAD OF



DRAUGHT HORSES

weighing from 1,000 to 1,600 pounds each, both Mares and Geldings, has just been received at my barn

Opposite Kirsling's Blacksmith Shop
On Normal Avenue

**All Hardy Nebraska Stock
and Thoroughly Broke.**

Terms and Prices Right.
Give Me a Call.

J. W. SHEPARD

Amherst Telephone Company.

The second annual meeting of the Amherst Telephone Co. was held at Amherst last week. The first meeting held in January was declared illegal for the reason C. J. Iverson was not allowed to vote thirty-one shares of stock. At the meeting last week Mr. Iverson voted seventeen proxies and thirty-one shares of stock, being forty-eight votes. Three of those proxies were mailed by A. W. Breitenstein to the bank at Amherst. The said proxies, at the request of L. A. Pomroy, were left blank as to who should vote them. Mr. Iverson presented those with his name placed therein and was allowed to vote them. I understand A. W. Breitenstein placed Chas. Breitenstein's and R. G. Breitenstein's name to two of the proxies without their knowledge or consent. Is this second meeting illegal? I should say, yes. However, as Martin Heffron was not re-elected director at the meeting last week, the legality will not be questioned.

Heffron has been a director for the past four years, during which time he took an active part in the affairs of the company. Two years ago J. O. Foxen came to the directors' meeting saying he was treasurer by name. He said he had not handled any money, said Mr. Iverson collected all money and paid all bills. Heffron took exception to that way of doing business, insisted on the money being paid over to the treasurer and by him placed in the bank at Amherst to the credit of the company, and all bills be paid by check. This was done and continues to the present time. At a directors' meeting in Feb., 1912, Heffron took the stand that it was impossible for Mr. Iverson to hold the two positions, lineman and collector without neglecting either one or the other. Heffron suggested that Mr. Iverson do the collecting and the company employ a man to do the line work. Mr. Iverson took exception to this and insisted on having both jobs. Heffron then presented the name of Jas. P. Dineen to do the collecting and after hard debating Mr. Dineen was appointed. Many more transactions came up which Heffron took an active part in. Heffron's activity on the board was perhaps Mr. Iverson's reason for seeing to it he was not re-elected, and I don't blame him for it. The officers elected at the meeting last week were:

President—G. W. Allen.
Vice Pres.—M. K. Hanson.
Secretary—L. J. Carey.
Treasurer—C. P. Sommers.
Directors—J. A. Gordon, H. H. Hoffman, James Lewis.

Martin Heffron.

MILLADORE.

Brice Dille of Sherry was a caller in the village Tuesday.

Miss Mabel Bodette spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents at Grand Rapids.

Kenneth R. Halverson spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents at Stevens Point.

Frank Prausa left Tuesday for Chippewa Falls, where he expects to spend a week transacting business.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Franks of Elcho, Wis., are spending a few days with Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Meyers.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Verhulst were delighted when it was announced that their daughter, Mabel, who is attending the Marshfield High school, had received third highest standings for the entire four years. Mabel is a bright girl and we extend congratulations.

A representative of the Alart-McGuire Co. of Green Bay was in the village for the past two weeks contracting with local farmers for raising cucumbers. Between 60 and 70 acres have been contracted and a salting station may be established here. The proposition is a paying one and should interest the farmers.

While returning home from town early last Sunday evening, James Bretl, aged 68, was struck by a west bound Soo freight train and instantly killed. Mr. Bretl either forgot that he was on the railroad track or was in deep thought and didn't hear the approaching train. He was a married man and besides his wife is survived by one son, Charles, who resides on a farm about two miles northwest of the village. The funeral was held at the Catholic church this forenoon, with interment in the parish cemetery.

ASBLEY.

Mrs. P. Betker of Rosholt is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Simonis, and expects to remain a month or more.

Mrs. Tresness has gone to Chicago for a couple of weeks' visit. This is her first trip to the big city since she moved from there two years ago.

Mrs. Anna Cater invited many of her neighbors to an old fashioned quilting "bee" last Thursday. Besides tying two quilts a good time was had by the ladies.

Mrs. Anthony Altenburg went to Stevens Point Monday to spend the week with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Herman, and with Mrs. Jas. Altenburg, and to visit her daughter Jennie, who is attending the Normal.

A large company of neighbors and friends called in a body at Geo. Washington Sparhawk's home last Saturday evening and gave him a genuine surprise. Music and games were enjoyed and refreshments served. A jolly good time was had.

Sealed Bids Wanted.

Sealed bids and proposals will be received by the undersigned until March 12, for building a new solid brick church at Hatley, Wis. Plans and specifications can be seen by calling upon the pastor or upon Frank Spalenka, 426 Normal avenue, Stevens Point. The committee reserves the right to accept or reject any or all bids and proposals.

w2 Rev. J. Karez, Hatley, Wis.

School Report.

District No. 9, town of Carson, for month ending Feb. 21, 1913. Number of pupils enrolled, 37; average daily attendance, 27. Those not absent during the month were Henry and Leonard Van De Loop, Irene and Anna Van Lieth, Harry Hartjes, Frances Van Cuyk, Viola Van Ert, Leo and Ethel Van Asten. Those absent one day or less were Lucina Van Asten, Elenora Van De Loop, Sylvester Hartjes, Korth and Freda Hubner, George, Eddie and Marie Sankensbach. Two spelling

matches were held during the month in which the following pupils were successful in "spelling down" the school: Feb. 7, Simon Van Asten; Feb. 21, Fern Peters.

AMHERST.

Fred Milbreit is visiting relatives in Clark county.

Russell Loberg of Nelsonville was in town Monday.

Miss Marcia Anthony was at home here over Sunday.

Myron Harrington of Waupaca was in town Friday evening.

Mrs. B. Harvey and Miss Winifred were in Stevens Point Saturday.

Mrs. Watson and son of Minneapolis are guests of A. C. Wilson and other relatives.

Miss Ethel Rounds returned last Sunday from a visit of several months in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Glodysky have packed their household furniture and are moving west.

A. C. Wilson, traveling freight agent for the Soo, spent Sunday at his home in this village.

Harry Pomeroy of Milwaukee visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Pomeroy, over Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Mitchell of New Hope was here on Monday and bought a horse of Louis Zenoff.

John Dusek is not much better at present writing. He has been very sick a couple of weeks.

Knut Thompson was called to Iowa the last of the week on account of the death of his aged father.

A chimney fire at Lewis Nelson's, Friday evening, called out the fire department. No damage was done.

P. N. Peterson has sold out his farm machinery stock to Frank Maves of Lanark, who will conduct the business at the old stand.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Rounds returned home Saturday after spending the week at Milwaukee attending the retail lumbermen's convention.

On account of the blizzard Friday evening, the fireman's dance was financially a failure. A very few braved the storm to the opera house and none could get in from the country.

Mrs. Mollie Wilson attended a Royal Neighbor meeting at Stevens Point Thursday evening, where a class of 26 were adopted by the order. Mrs. Mary White of Green Bay has been a field worker for that order for five weeks and added 62 to their roll of membership.

Mrs. Eva Childs, state orator of Hanover, Wis., was present at Thursday's meeting.

Mrs. Oliver Heath, who was successfully operated on for appendicitis at the new Stevens Point hospital nearly three weeks ago, and whose recovery seemed assured but a few hours before, died suddenly Saturday morning.

The body was brought to this station Saturday on Soo train No. 12 and taken to her home. She leaves besides her husband one daughter and two sons, her mother, father, two sisters and one brother.

ARNOTT.

C. G. Himley was an over Sunday visitor to Stevens Point.

Mrs. A. A. Hetzel of Stevens Point was a visitor here last week.

Mrs. Derosier of McDill is visiting her son and family this week.

Father Schemmer of Custer was a caller in this section Tuesday.

Miss Mattie Gosh was a Stevens Point visitor for a few days last week.

Henry Koltz and Geo. Wagner attended the stock fair at Stevens Point last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Derosier are the happy parents of a young son, the first boy in the family.

Miss Annie Ulrich of Stevens Point has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Strauss, for a few days.

Mrs. T. H. Leary of Custer is with her father, John Dineen, this week, helping to care for him during his sickness.

Herbert Neitzel, who has been working in the bank here, spent a few days of last week in Milwaukee preparing for a new position.

John Dineen is very sick at his home here with bronchitis and pleurisy. His son Charley has also been laid up with quincy but is gaining at present.

LET US....

take your measure today.



Spring and Summer patterns now on display.

We guarantee quality, fit and workmanship.

Dumdie & Van Rooy Co.

**The
NO
LESS
\$15
NO
MORE
THAN
\$20**

Tailors

109 Strong's Avenue

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder

Made from cream of tartar derived solely from grapes, the most delicious and healthful of all fruit acids.

Binks—I hope this Balkan war won't cut those Turkish atrocities.
Jinks—Ditto here. I never could smoke the blamed things.—New York American.

Kid Business makes good
All our hopes;
Kid Politics is
On the ropes.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Do you know where little boys go to when they smoke?"
"Yes; up an alley."—Penny Pictorial

He—Are your relatives friendly with that gentleman I just saw you with?
She—All but my mother. He's my husband, you know.—Yonkers Statesman.

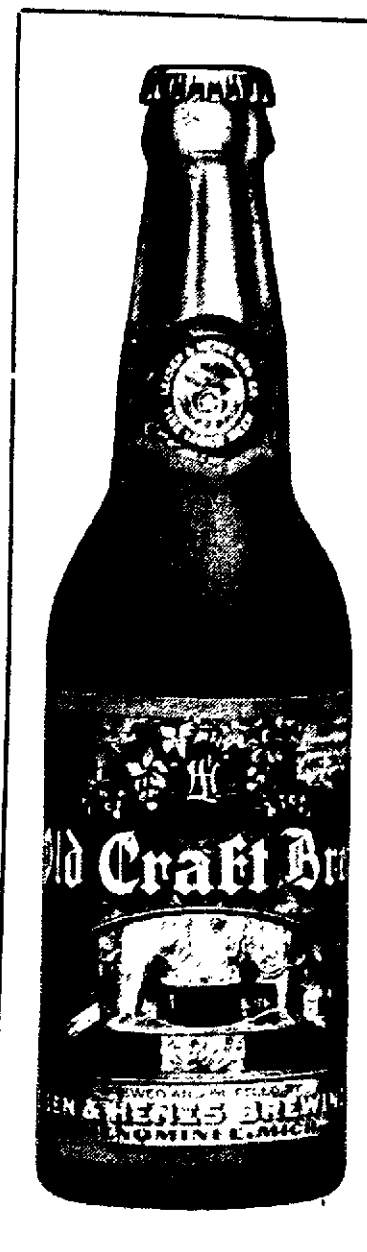
Stung.
The young man was disconsolate. Said he, "I asked her if I could see her home."
"Why, certainly," she answered; "I will send you a picture of it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sound.
"Is your husband a sound sleeper?"
"Sound? I should say so! The sound he makes can be heard for half a block."—Judge's Library.

OUR MARKETS.

Grain and feed quotations are given by telephone every Wednesday noon by the Jackson Milling Co. Emil G. Betlach furnishes prices on meats, butter, eggs, etc. E. M. Capps & Co. prices on hay and Wisconsin Produce Company on potatoes. Farmers and buyers can depend upon them.

Rosebud	5 00
Patent Flour	5 20
Graham Flour	4 80
Rye Flour	4 60
Wheat	8
Rye, 56 pounds	54
Oats	38
Feed	1 25
Barley	1 25
Brans	1 25
Corn Meal	1 15
Butter	22 20
Eggs	22 20
Chickens, old	13 14
Chickens, spring	15 16
Turkeys	18 20
Lard	15
Hams	20
Mess Pork	24 50
Mess Beef	17 50
Hogs, live	9 50-7 75
Hogs, dressed	9 25-9 50
Beef, live	4 40-4 60
Beef, dressed	8 50-9 00
Hay, timothy	12 00-13 00
Potatoes	26-30



**Old
Craft
Brew**

Silver Brand
The "Quality Beers"

ON SALE AT ALL LEADING
STEVENS POINT BUFFETS

Brewed and Bottled by
Leisen & Henes Brg. Co.

"The Best What Is"
Menominee Mich.

Mexico is undoubtedly a good country to stay away from, the hot-blooded people there being little less than barbarians. While the deposed president and vice president, Madero and Suarez, were being removed from the palace to the penitentiary, last Saturday night, they were shot down like dogs. The Huerta followers, who succeed Madero, claim they were attacked by a mob who did the killing, but others charge it to the members of the guard who were escorting the deposed officers. The United States does not want war, but something should be done to tame the treacherous, non-lawabiding people of that country.

MRS. M. STANKE
Nurse
Massagist
MIDWIFE

Long, successful and practical experience in Chicago.
113 N. Third Street Stevens Point, Wis.
Telephone in connection

Be a Wise Woman!



Nemo No. 322
LASTICURVE-BACK
SELF-REDUCING

A million women prefer this corset to all others:

No. 319—low bust } \$3
No. 321—medium }

Skirt is long but not too long—Many women don't like extremes. Bands of Lastikops Webbing confine the hips—give you a trim figure standing, ease when you sit down.

Sizes, 20 to 36—\$3.00

With Lasticurve-Back

The corset marvel of 1913—Nearly 300,000 sold the first month!

No. 322—
Low Bust } \$3

The new Lasticurve-Back is an elastic extension several inches below the back steels—gores of Lastikops Cloth. When you sit down, the gores expand—you're comfortable. When you stand, your corset clings to you like an eelskin, and you're stylish.

Nothing like it—\$3.00

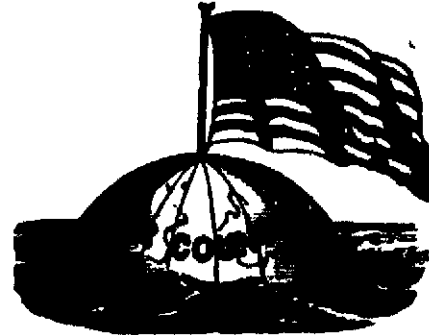
Ask Us

to show you these splendid new Corsets and all the Other Favorite Nemos for All Figures at \$3 and \$4

For sale by

Moll-Glennon Co.
436-438 Main Street

Be a Wise Woman!



STEVENS POINT, WIS., FEBRUARY 26, 1913.

REGISTER FIRM ACCUSED AS TRUST

Sensational Charges Aimed at
McCaskey Company.

SPIES AS PART OF SYSTEM

Suit Brought by Wickersham Brings
Out Allegation That "Knock-
out" Men and Bribes
Were Used.

Cleveland, O., Feb. 22.—By the order of Attorney General Wickersham a civil suit was filed here against the McCaskey Register company, charging it with violating the Sherman anti-trust law.

To acquire a monopoly of the interstate and foreign commerce in the sale of account registers, appliances and systems for keeping credit accounts, the company, its officers and agents, it is charged, wrongfully and fraudulently have obstructed and suppressed the business of competitors, bribed their employees, employed agents to spy upon their business, have waged an unfair campaign of patent suits and threatened suits, and of other unlawful methods to stifle competition.

The federal district court here was asked to restrain the following named defendants from further monopoly and to prohibit a series of alleged unlawful and unfair practices:

McCaskey Register company.
Alfred C. Ryley, Stewart S. Kurtz, Samuel G. Zimmerman, Edward A. Langenbach and Austin Lynch of Canton, Ohio.

Henry F. Pollock, Theodore C. Uran, George C. Russell, William G. Farnum, Milton Bejeh and Grant Kiser of Alliance, Ohio.

Josiah W. Phipps, Boston.
Charles T. Baxter, New York city.
David C. Bower, Pittsburgh.
Harry M. Rowley, Chicago.
William M. Hughes, San Francisco.
John H. Jones, Kansas City.
Fred Schneider, Seattle.
George P. Hayes, Memphis.
Leslie G. Solar, Atlanta.
Edward T. Bingham, Washington, D. C.

A campaign of "fierce and unfair competition" has been planned or consented to by officers of the company, the government alleges. A force of special men, sometimes called the "flying squadron" or "knockout men," was employed, it is declared, to impart to salesmen and agents instructions to destroy the business of competitors, and for the purpose of interfering with negotiations and inducing the cancellation by the customers of their contracts of sale with competitors.

Cincinnati, Feb. 19.—President John H. Patterson of the National Cash Register company of Dayton, O., was sentenced to serve one year in the county jail at Troy, O., and to pay a fine of \$5,000 for violation of the Sherman anti-trust law on Monday. Twenty-eight other officials and employees of the company were given jail sentences, varying from three months to one year, and were ordered to pay the costs of the prosecution.

PROFESSOR TELLS OF POISON

Dr. Haines Testifies at Hyde Murder Trial to Finding Strychnine.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 22.—Examination of the contents of the stomach of Chrisman Swope disclosed therein a small amount of cyanide, according to Prof. Walter Haines of Chicago, who followed Dr. Ludwig Hektoen on the stand at the Hyde murder trial on Thursday. He said further tests showed also the presence of strychnine. "Sufficient poison was found," he added, "to have caused death."

It was Doctor Haines who conducted the analysis for poison in the viscera of Colonel Swope and in the case of Margaret Swope. An analysis in the latter case, he said, showed unmistakable traces of strychnine. Doctor Hektoen denied there were indications about the body of Chrisman Swope that he had died of typhoid.

SPECIALIST GOES TO MORGAN

Illness of Financier Said to Be Slight Stroke of Apoplexy.

Cairo, Feb. 22.—The real illness from which J. Pierpont Morgan suffered in his recent attack was a slight stroke of apoplexy.

It is now known that this was the nature of his seizure on February 17, and this accounts for his summoning of Dr. Giuseppe Bastianelli, the famous Italian specialist, who left Naples for Cairo on Friday and will remain with Mr. Morgan until the latter leaves here about the end of the first week in March.

Mr. Morgan is now much better. In fact, he is quite his old self again. But fear of another seizure on account of his age has resulted in sending for Professor Bastianelli.

7,000 FALL IN BATTLE, BUT DATE IS MYSTERY

Story of Turco-Bulgarian Fight at Bulair Is Believed to Be an Old One.

London, Feb. 22.—The story of a three days' battle at Bulair, in which 2,500 men on each side were reported killed or wounded, contained in a dispatch received here on Thursday is now believed to be a revival of an old report of fighting in that district. Rumors that Enver Bey had landed a large force at Rodosto were current on February 16, but since have been denied.

An uncensored Constantinople dispatch says that Scheffer Pasha visited the Bulair lines Wednesday, but has given no indication that a new battle had been fought.

The situation at Adrianople remains unchanged. The porte having refused to permit foreigners to leave Adrianople, the governor of the fortress has offered to set apart the Karagatch quarter on the right bank of the Maritza river as a sanctuary for the 1,400 foreign residents. It is doubtful, however, if Bulgaria will consent to this.

The Servians have brought up heavy artillery to assist the Montenegrins in a renewed attack on Scutari. M. Popovitch, the Montenegrin delegate in London, visited the foreign office and informed the British government that under no circumstances could Montenegro acquiesce in any transaction under which she would be required to abandon her claim to Scutari. He added that Montenegro would take the town soon, and, after the sacrifices made, would suffer annihilation rather than give it up.

A semi-official statement issued at St. Petersburg says that Bulgaria and Roumania have already accepted the mediation of the powers.

"POET OF THE SIERRAS" DIES.

End Comes to Joaquin Miller in His Cabin Near San Francisco.

San Francisco, Feb. 19.—Joaquin Miller, in reality Cincinnati Heine Miller, the venerable "Poet of the Sierras," is dead. He passed away on Monday in his one-room cabin, "The Heights," which he built with his own hands in the Piedmont hills, near Oakland, many years ago.

His daughter, Juanita Miller, and his wife were with him.

Joaquin Miller was born November 10, 1841, in Indiana, but as a child went with his parents to Oregon and later to California.

He was lionized in Europe, where his "Songs of the Sierras" and "Songs of Sunland," and other volumes of poems were acclaimed.

WILL CONFIRM SOME IN JOBS.

Democratic Senators Ready to Approve Part of Taft Appointments.

Washington, Feb. 21.—No longer fearful of the possibility of having the senate enter on a general confirmation of pending nominations of President Taft, Democratic senators have decided to move an executive session at the first opportunity.

"We will confirm the army, navy and diplomatic nominations and possibly some others," said Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia.

It is believed promotions in the revenue cutter service, the marine corps and a few miscellaneous nominations may be confirmed, but 1,000 or 1,200 nominations will remain pending.

12,000 WORKERS ON STRIKE.

Philadelphia Garment Employees Ask Better Pay and Shorter Hours.

Philadelphia, Feb. 20.—Alleging that manufacturers here are filling orders for New York firms whose employees went on strike Tuesday, the United Garment Workers' union called a general strike in this city.

According to strike leaders 12,000 workers have responded and 150 shops are closed.

A demand for more wages, shorter hours and improved working conditions was formulated by the strike leaders.

HOUSE SUSTAINS TAFT'S VETO

Immigration Bill Passed by Senate Turned Down by Lower Body.

Washington, Feb. 21.—The immigration bill, which President Taft vetoed last Friday, went into the waste basket of the house of representatives by a narrow margin on Wednesday.

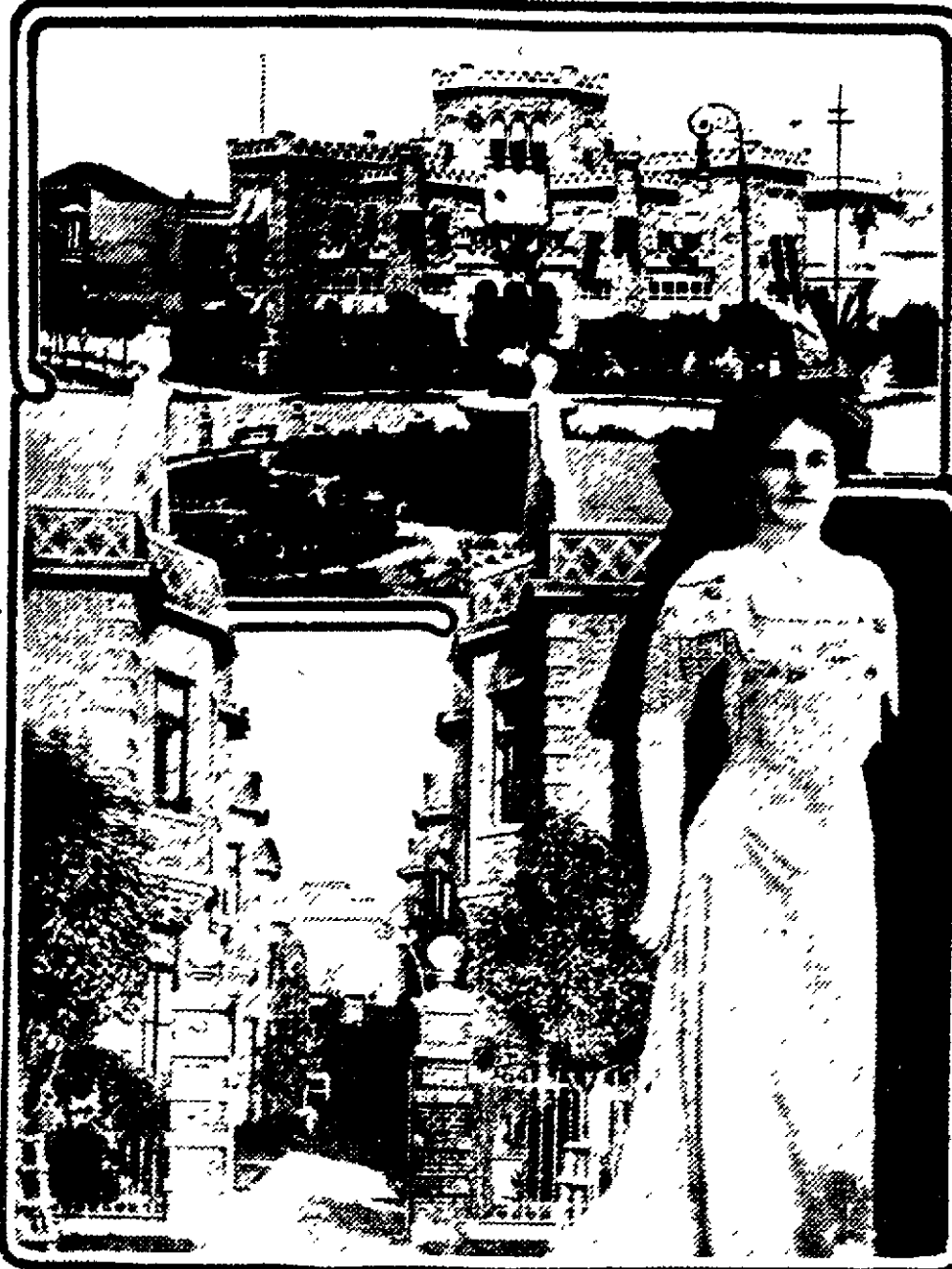
By a vote of 213 to 114, only five less than the necessary two-thirds, the house failed to override the veto of the president and the long and bitterly contested battle was over for the session.

HAMILTON FALLS 200 FEET.

Noted Aviator Is Badly Hurt But Will Probably Recover.

Jacksonville, Fla., Feb. 21.—Charles K. Hamilton, world noted aviator, fell 200 feet at Pablo beach on Wednesday. Hamilton had only been in the air a short time when the machine was seen to tilt forward and then turn a complete somersault and come to the earth.

WITH THE AMERICANS IN MEXICO CITY



Our illustration shows, above, the American embassy in the City of Mexico, and, below, a scene in the American quarter, and Mrs. Henry Lane Wilson, wife of the ambassador.

ROAD MANAGERS YIELD, BIG WALKOUT AVERTED

Demands of Firemen Are to Be Arbitrated Under the Erdman Act.

New York, Feb. 20.—The eastern railway managers on Tuesday yielded to the demands of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers and have agreed to arbitrate the grievances under the Erdman act. Therefore the danger of a big strike is past.

The firemen had stood to a man for this method of arbitration ever since the deadlock began. The railroads had stood firm for arbitration before a commission of six or seven men. Three men, acting under the law, will decide the firemen's claims. Their decision will be binding.

Judge Martin A. Knapp of the United States commerce court and G. W. W. Hanger, acting federal commissioner of labor, acting as mediators under the Erdman act, at the firemen's request, conducted the negotiations which resulted in the agreement to arbitrate.

The question to come before the arbitrators is principally one of wages. The firemen ask for increases, depending on the size of the locomotives, giving them a wage varying from \$2.55 to \$4 a hundred miles. They ask also for two firemen on the heavier locomotives. The railroads already had expressed a willingness to raise wages, but not to the maximum demanded.

PRAYER STOPPED BY GAVEL

Lieutenant Governor of Indiana Halts Minister in Invocation.

Indianapolis, Feb. 22.—The senate gasped in astonishment when Lieut. Gov. W. P. O'Neill on Thursday interrupted the opening prayer by Rev. J. R. Henry, pastor of the Emmanuel Baptist church, with a crack of the gavel.

"Make a prayer," snapped O'Neill, "don't make a political speech."

The minister had prayed only a short time and was speaking as follows when interrupted: "O Lord, hasten the day when we shall cease to use the law to make drunkards, murderers and thieves."

After the interruption, Rev. Mr. Henry concluded his prayer with a few words.

SEVEN CHILDREN DIE IN FIRE

Parents Are Absent as Fatal Fire Destroys Their Home.

Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 22.—Seven children, ranging in age from one to twelve, were burned to death when the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, at Ebenezers, near here, was destroyed by fire. The parents were absent from home at the time.

The father and mother had been in the city purchasing supplies for the family and made the gruesome discovery upon their return. Many of the packages the parents carried were toys and candies for the children.

BOMB RUINS HOME OF LLOYD-GEORGE

Country Residence Badly Battered by High Explosive.

HATPINS THE ONLY CLUE

Police Declare Outrage on Chancellor of Exchequer to Be Work of Militant Suffragettes or Their Sympathizers.

London, Feb. 21.—The country residence of Chancellor of the Exchequer David Lloyd-George, at Walton Heath, was practically destroyed by a bomb on Wednesday which the police say, was placed there either by suffragettes or their male sympathizers. Mr. Lloyd-George himself is on a motor trip in France. Nobody was injured, as the residence had not yet been occupied.

The only clues obtained by the police are two broken hatpins.

It is declared by neighbors that an automobile containing several women passed through the village in the early hours.

Mrs. Pankhurst, speaking at Cardiff, declared that she personally accepted full responsibility for the explosion at Lloyd-George's house. She added if sent in penal servitude she would declare a hunger strike and the government would either have to let her die or set her free.

Paris, Feb. 21.—Miss Cristabel Pankhurst, daughter of the leader of the English suffragettes, declared openly for violence and bloodshed in the campaign for woman suffrage.

"The methods we must adopt are those taken by the people of the Balkans and Mexico," she said. "Hitherto women of our cause have destroyed only property, but the bomb explosion in Lloyd-George's home marks the beginning of a more effective revolutionary campaign—the real campaign has begun."

Charleston, W. Va., Feb. 21.—By three votes of the required two-thirds the amendment providing for woman suffrage failed to pass the senate.

Elkton, Md., Feb. 21.—"General" Rosalie Jones and her band of suffragists arrived in Elkton after an 18-mile walk from Wilmington, Del. "Officers" of the "army" attended a banquet at which they made addresses in behalf of woman suffrage.

JAIL MISS EMERSON AGAIN.

London Court Sentences Michigan Girl to Two Months Hard Labor.

London, Feb. 20.—Zellie Emerson, the militant suffragette of Jackson, Mich., who has been carrying on a campaign of window smashing with Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, was arrested again and was sentenced to a term of two months hard labor by the police magistrate before whom she was taken on Tuesday. Miss Pankhurst was arrested at the same time and received the same sentence.

ACCUSED AS TRUST

THE GOVERNMENT FILES SUIT
AGAINST MCCASKEY REGISTER
FIRM AT CLEVELAND.

CHARGES ARE SENSATIONAL

Federal Attorney Alleges That Concern Used Unfair Methods to Undermine Business of Competitors and Bribed Men.

Cleveland, O., Feb. 22.—In a civil suit filed here Thursday by order of Attorney General Wickersham, sensational charges of violation of the Sherman anti-trust law are leveled at the McCaskey Register company.

To acquire a monopoly of the interstate and foreign commerce in the sale of account registers, appliances and systems for keeping credit accounts, the company, its officers and agents, it is charged, wrongfully and fraudulently have obstructed and suppressed the business of competitors, bribed their employees, employed agents to spy upon their business, have waged an unfair campaign of patent suits and threatened suits, and of other unlawful methods to stifle competition.

The federal district court here was asked to restrain the following named defendants from further monopoly and to prohibit a series of alleged unlawful and unfair practices:

McCaskey Register company.
Alfred C. Ryley, Stewart S. Kurtz, Samuel G. Zimmerman, Edward A. Langenbach and Austin Lynch of Canton, O.

Henry F. Pollock, Theodore C. Uran, George C. Russell, William G. Farnum, Milton Bejeh and Grant Kiser of Alliance, O.

Josiah W. Phipps, Boston.
Charles T. Baxter, New York city.
David C. Bower, Pittsburgh.
Harry M. Rowley, Chicago.
William M. Hughes, San Francisco.
John H. Jones, Kansas City.
Fred Schneider, Seattle.
George P. Hayes, Memphis.
Leslie G. Solar, Atlanta.
Edward T. Bingham, Washington, D. C.

The defendant company is said to own exclusively the Dominion Register company, Ltd., of Toronto, Canada, which also maintains an agency in London.

A campaign of "fierce and unfair competition" has been planned or consented to by officers of the company, the government alleges. A force of special men, sometimes called the "flying squadron" or "knockout men," was employed, it is declared, to impart to salesmen and agents instructions to destroy the business of competitors, and for the purpose of interfering with negotiations and inducing the cancellation by the customers of their contracts of sale with competitors.

BRITISH WOMEN USE TORCH

Two Suffragists Arrested in London as Destroyers of Burned Pavilion in Kew Gardens.

London, Feb. 22.—Suffragettes paid another havoc working visit to the Kew botanical gardens here Thursday and fired a large refreshment pavilion, which burned to the ground. Two women were arrested. They gave their names as Lillian Lenton and Joyce Locke, each twenty-two years old. They were caught while running from the scene of the fire. Each carried a bag containing a dark lantern, cotton soaked in oil, a hammer and a saw.

When brought up at the police court, the magistrate refused to allow them bail. They were told by the court that their offense was not political, but highly criminal. Miss Locke, thereupon, hurled at the magistrate a big law book, which narrowly missed his head. She fought desperately against the wardens who were assigned to remove her to a cell.

SEVEN CHILDREN DIE IN FIRE

Parents Are Absent as Fatal Conflagration Destroys Their Home and Its Inmates.

Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 22.—Seven children, ranging in age from one to twelve years, were burned to death when the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, at Ebenezers, near here, was destroyed by fire Thursday. The parents were absent from home at the time. The father and mother had been in the city purchasing supplies for the family and made the gruesome discovery upon their return.

Rockefeller Makes New Record.

Sea Breeze, Fla., Feb. 22.—A new record for the Hotel Clarendon golf course was set by John D. Rockefeller Thursday. He made the nine holes out in 28 and back in 24. Mr. Rockefeller was chiding over his victory.

WISCONSIN BREVITIES

Kenosha.—Kenosha teachers are making a determined effort to prevent the repeal of the teachers' pension fund law, and to this end petitions are being circulated in the city urging the members of the legislature to vote against any law which proposes to repeal the act.

Green Bay.—As a result of a fire at Askeaton the water tank of the Milwaukee road was completely destroyed. This will seriously handicap trains running between this city and Milwaukee.

Green Bay.—The residence of Felix Monfils, Duck Creek, was completely destroyed by fire, causing a loss of \$2,000.

New Richmond.—Mrs. Mary Brown-Baker, aged fifty-two years, widow of the late Maj. J. S. Baker, died very suddenly at her home in St. Croix Falls. She was a daughter of the late Capt. O. F. Brown of this city and grew up here. She leaves four children. Michael Cashman, a pioneer of Hudson, was found dead in bed. He was eighty years of age.

Green Bay.—Leo Levolette, while employed in a lumber camp at Lakeview, had his left leg so badly cut when his ax slipped that it may be necessary to amputate the member. He was taken to a hospital at Oconto.

Madison.—The plant of the American Milk Producers' company, Chicago, at Capron, burned. The loss is \$50,000 and fifty men are out of work.

Baraboo.—James McCarthy, sixty years old, was sentenced to six months in the county jail by Justice Halsted, on a charge of assaulting Mildred Hayes, five years old.

Kenosha.—John Sullivan, a resident of Chicago, was instantly killed at the Thompson ice house at Twin Lakes when he fell from the top of a runway leading to the ice house of the company. Sullivan plunged down 28 feet, striking on his head on the frozen ground.

Oconomowoc.—The newly elected officers of the Oconomowoc Poultry and Pet Stock association are: President, H. E. Reddeland; vice-presidents, W. G. Race, Charles Wheeler of Dousman; secretary, Ralph Hadley; treasurer, Ferd. Clausen. Two new directors elected are Charles Behrend, Jr., and Carl Meuler.

Madison.—The investigations in wood distillation that have been carried on during the last three years at the United States forest products' laboratory at the University of Wisconsin are to be further developed by supplementary work at the University of Washington. The work will also be continued at Wisconsin. Dr. L. F. Hawley of the Wisconsin laboratory has returned from the northwest, where he co-operated with the Washington men in getting the investigations under way. A sum of \$10,000 has been set aside by the United States forestry service for the work in wood distillation at Washington. This fund will be used to obtain scientific data concerning the utilization of mill waste, of logging waste and of stunted forest growth.

Racine.—With the place packed to the doors, the Casino, a moving picture theater, was the scene of a panic following an explosion of a film. A mad rush was made for the doors, which resulted in severe injuries to Martin Grager. Frank Long, the operator, was badly burned.

Wausaukee.—Fred Fawcette of Amberg made application to the county clerk for the bounty on two wolves, and Auto Kube of Athelstane for bounty on one.

Manitowoc.—With death staring him in the face and with timely thought for the safety of the passengers in his train, Matt Donohue of Antigo, engineer on the Chicago & Northwestern passenger train No. 112, took a desperate chance and saved the train from plunging through a burning bridge into the river below north of here. While the train was speeding along at fifty miles an hour Donohue observed the burning bridge ahead. He "threw" in the emergency, "sanded" the track and then watched his train slow down, stopping with the pilot of the locomotive less than ten feet from the burning structure, which was on the point of collapse. The train was delayed 18 hours while repairs were made.

La Crosse.—An annex to cost \$50,000 will be added to the St. James hotel, which will make the building one of the largest of the kind in the country. The building will be located on the corner of Commercial and Adams streets. It was built at a cost of \$100,000, one of four in the United States.